

There's a certain public official in Brook lyn who is not renowned for his close attention to the duties which the taxpayer contribute several thousand dollars a year for him to attend to. He occupies a subordinate position under the municipal government. His superior officer is noted for his ready wit. The other day the Rambler chanced to be in the office which the officials referred to occupy, when an individual with a tired expression on his countenance entered and asked for the delinquent public servant. The visitor had been there before repeatedly and had failed to and the man whom he sought at his post of duty. He ventured into the inner sanctum of the head of the place and inquired for Mr. C.

'He is not in just now," was the chief's rejoinder to the caller's question.
"Well, is he ever in?" the visitor asked

complacently responded the head of the office, twirling around in his cushioned chair and biting the end off of a Manuel Garcia, "he has his office hours like everybody else."

"Well, I'll be hanged if I've been able to upon those hours, and I've been here etty much at all times of the day for fashioned ideas on the subject of early to hit upon those hours, and I've been here pretty much at all times of the day for

"But you should come in his office hours. the imperturbable superior ejaculated, blowing a cloud of tobacco

Will you kindly tell me just what Mr. with an evident effort to conquer his wrath. came the quiet response from the chief, with a significant movee of his eyelids for the Rambler's benefit. "Mr. C. fixed his own hours when he took up the arduous duties of his po-sition; they are from 10 to 10:10 a.m."-Rambler in Brooklyn Eagle.

Hook and Ladder Companies.

Hook and ladder companies are essen-tially life saving in their duties. To each fire battalion in New York there are generally assigned two hook and ladder companies. There are thirty-six to forty book and ladder machines, though they may not be all in service at one time, some being under repair. To a hook and ladder company there is given an average of twelve men, and in particular cases there have been as many as eighteen. These men rep resent the pick of the service as to phys ique. All of them have passed through the school of instruction and have been specially trained for their duties. It is not coolness alone that is requisite, but that perfect reliance which comes from well

On the apparatus is carried in addition to the ladders, which, with their exten-sions, are ninety feet long, a number of books, with axes, crowbars, ropes, life saving nets and fire extinguishers. On account of the extreme length of the ladders the apparatus is extended, and there is a wheel, acting on the back axle, which enables the truck to turn sharp corners. The three horses attached to such a lumbering machine must be of the best, for every minute lost in reaching a center of conflagration means chances of death or destruction of property.-Harper's Weekly

The Parrot and His Food.

Parrots and toucans have no knives and forks to cut off the rinds of tropical fruits: but as monkeys use their fingers, so the birds use for the same purpose their sharp and powerful bills. No better nut crackers and fruit parers could possibly be found. The parrot in particular has developed for the purpose his curved and inflated beaka wonderful weapon, keen as a tailor's scissors and moved by powerful muscles on either side of the face which bring together the cutting edges with extraordinary

The way the bird holds a fruit gingerly in one claw, while he strips off the rind dexterously with his underhung lower mandible, and keeps a sharp lookout meanwhile on either side with those sly and stealthy eyes of his for a possible intruder, suggests to the observing mind the whole living drama of his native forest, One sees in that vivid world the watchful monkey ever ready to swoop down upon the tempting tail feathers of his hereditar foe; one sees the canny parrot ever prepared for his rapid attack, and ever eager to make him pay with five joints of his tail for his impertment interference with an unoffending fellow citizen of the arboreal community.-Cornhill Magazine.

Difficulty with Field Guns.

High velocity in field guns is gained not only at the expense of the carriage, but of hore break up projectiles formed of the orployed for shells, a material not only more but less well adapted to the purpose for which it is intended. Cast iron breaks up readily into small pieces and allows the force of the bursting charge to have full effect, while a steel shell is strong enough to resist the explosion inside it too effectuilly, is only partially opened, and does not Other difficulties also arise in connection

with fuses, and these have in fact proved insuperable that the great powers 13-pounder cannot be fully util ized-as regards shrapnel, at any ratebecause a time fuse cannot be made to act at anything except ordinary ranges.-London Saturday Review.

The German Froebel was the great apostle of the kindergarten, a word which means literally a garden of children, where young human beings are cared for as plants are cared for, that their growth may be sym metrical, and that the ripened fruits o character may appear in due time. He saw that the infant made constant use o its eves, desired to use its legs and arm had a disposition to play; that wit the first indication of intelligence it shows curiosity, and that its first connected word were in the form of questions. It is because his system of education is based upon these facts of the child's natural un folding that it has proved itself to be th best, and indeed the only proper training for young children - Caroline Le Bow i

Ladies' Home Journal

The pressure that can be produced by electrolytic generation of the in a close space has been tested by a French scientis The highest pressure heretofore realizes was 6,570 pounds to the square inch. In this instance the pressure obtained was be tween 12,000 and 18,000 to the square incl when the manometer cracked without any ion. The liquid used was a 25 pe ont, solution of soda. The electrodes wer

## **CURE FITS**

for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical care. I have made the disease of FIFS, EPI-LEPSY or FAILLING SECENTESS a lifetime study. I warnat my remedy to ease the worst cases. Because where have failed in no reason for not now receiving a curs. Send at exce for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallable remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

## WOMEN AND HOME.

THE INFLUENCE THAT CHILDRENS AMUSEMENTS HAVE UPON THEM.

others and Married Children - How Kate Field Looks-A Woman of Widespread Influence-What Women Like in Men-Matters of Interest to the Fain

"It isn't the fault of the children, it is the fault of their mothers," said a bright woman the other day in a discussion or children's social pleasures. "Children nat urally will enjoy simple entertainments, just as they will find diversion in simple toys, if parents would recognize the fact and not spoil their tastes by too generous giving.

Any one who has watched the rapid progress of elaborate parties, coupled with late hours, for young folks, will understand that such a subject was not out of place and will see why it drew forth many in-stances of the fact.

One mother told how her child, not ye five, was invited to a party of a child just five, the bours specified being 7 to 10, which, of course, seemed ridiculous to those whose children were in the habit of going to bed at 7, but not at all so when they had been allowed to sit up at home until 9 or 10. Instances were given where children of

fifteen had been invited to 10 o'clock dances, and others more incredible sull and more inconsistent with common sense all the details being on the same grand scale with which entertainments for grown

bed and early to rise. "It is wrong from a health view, and besides there is nothing left for such children when they grow up I can count a half dozen girls whose education is called finished at seventeen, who go to balls, parties and theaters all winter. Then some one tried to make early dance ing accountable for all the mischief, claiming that children now went to afternoon

dancing school at six, and that there was no end of the subject as soon as they could dance. This met with strong oppos from one who generally has her own ideas on a subject. She claimed that it was far better for children to learn to dance young and to enjoy it in the same way they did play of any kind than to wait until they were older. At six or seven it was happy exercise, with no thought of dress or beau. This was a new suggestion to some, who could not but agree that if children would dance as they played kindergarten games, and would not grow to think of it in any other way, it would be a step in the right direction.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Mothers and Married Children.

I have known more than one woman who turned against a son because he had not married to please her, and said: "I have done with him; his wife can look after him

Though in some cases the wife was an innocent, thoughtless, even a giddy girl, yet the mothers kept their words, and even took a certain pride in witnessing the son's deterioration under his wife's management. I knew a lady whose young married daughter (a helpipless invalid, confined to her couch for many months), implored her to make her home with them in order that in hor afflicted life she might have the solar of her mother's presence. She offered her mother and unmarried brother a good home and as much privacy as they desired. All she craved was to be with them and see them during some of her lonely hours.

The mother, a good, unselfish woman wrote back that she could never leave her present home on account of the ties she had in the graveyard, the graves of her long dead husband and baby! How blind! What a fullness of joy she might have taken into her afflicted daughter's life! What a beneficial influence hers might have been upon her little granddaughter. who so often was almost deprived of a mother's care! What a peaceful, all pervading comfort over all her daughter's home and its inmates her presence might have them away from their married sons and This is natural, but should not be permitted to deprive other children

of their rights. It is a difficult thing for a mother at all times to do all that is right and impartial for each of her children; it requires a vast amount of study and at times a really hard sacrifice of personal feeling; but personal feeling should be suppressed, and it should be looked at as much as possible from each child's individual standpoint. - House-

How Esta Field Looks

While it is true that Miss Kate Field is ocated in Washington permanently, it is also true that she skips about the country so often that she may be said to be a resi dent of either San Francisco, Chicago or privileged to enjoy the friendships of as many famous men and women. She is one who impresses the forcefulness of her own personality on every one with whom sha speaks. She has a clear, incisive voice, a charmingly frank manner and an inter rogation point constantly at her tongue's end. If she does not like a person she makes him understand it without giving offense. If some statement is made in her presence that she does not indorse she has no hesitancy in making known her own position. Yet she does this in such a quiet, nobtrusive way that no one can find fault

In addition to being a clever and forcible writer, she is also a patient student of the drama. She appeared on the stage once in New York as Peg Woffington. I believe she was not a success, but she continues to study dramatic works, and she is considered one of the ablest writers on the drama in this country. One thing greatly in her favor in her newspaper work is that she knows what she is writing about. She has traveled all over America and Europe many times, and she is on friendly with the great public men of both conti-

In appearance Miss Field is short of stature, but as straight as an Indian. Her head is well poised. Her face is one that beams with intelligence. She has a firm mouth, and eyes that seem to penetrate the very hearts of those about her. Her hair, a trifle gray, falls gracefully over her fore head in a slight bang. She is one of the best women speakers I have ever listened to.-Foster Coates in New York Mail and Express.

It is wonderful what a part the wrist plays in exercises in which physical skill and delicacy are required. After a man learns to play billiards well enough to be familiar with the cushions and the English, the important thing to cultivate is his stroke. It is the hardest thing about billiard playing to get a good stroke, and sometimes the greatest players "fall down" because they lose cor trol of it. Now, the stroke wholly depends on the action of the wrist. Jake Schaeffer, or any good player, will make a shot of seven cushions with less apparent force than a beginner will exert in getting three. This is due to the superior wrist movement.

It's the same way with violin playing The quality and touch all depend on wrist manipulation. So with curving a baseball. Great pitchers always work a strong wrist movement on the ball as it leaves the hand. If they didn't it wouldn't curve at all.

"It seems to me " said a middle age.

woman, as she laid down a popular magazine, "it seems to me that this is the age of exploded theories. One by one the oldtime ideas are having the props knocked out from under them and they go tumbling about our ears. Just how it is that we and our children have happened to live so long is one of the problems with which I am at present struggling. Every old lady or medical book or doctor or tradition that ever came in contact with that gave any expression on the subject at all has insisted that, whatever else you do, you must give the baby the milk of only one

"No matter how much time or troubl or expense be involved, that one cow's milk must be had. We bought it in bottles, sent many miles under seal, have pledged the milkman on his sacred honor, and finally went and bought the cow our-selves for the sake of bringing up our bables on the one-cow's-milk diet; and now, with the gray dust of tradition lying thickly over our work, we are confronted by the statement that one cow's milk is not only not specially necessary, but abso lutely injurious: that you can take th milk from forty cows and shake it up and mix it as thoroughly as you please, and the more it's mixed and stirred and shaken the better it is for the baby.

"Now, I should like to know what we are coming to. If we have been going wrong all these days on that subject, what going wrong on everything else? It's one by them. There seems to be so little stability in some of these things that it is sort of discouraging."-New York Ledger.

A Box of Borax Is Invaluable The box of borax should be as much in place in every household as the salt box or the jar of salve for burns. It is one of the best agents for softening water for domes-There is no greater comfort for any one on a tour, traveling in a limestone district, than a small box or packet of borax-for by its use the effects of hard water on the skin are quite neutralized It may be used either as a substitute for or in conjucction with soap, the proportion being a handful of borax to nine or ten gallons of water, and it has the advantage over soda in not spoiling colored clothes. In the hundry borax is used for washing lace and fine things, and in the making of cold starch and for giving an additional glaze to collars, fronts, cuffs and starched fabrics generally. It is also one of the best means of remarring fabrics fireproof and is far superior in this way to alum

As an insecticide it is invaluable; cockroaches will not haunt a kitchen where borax is scattered on the floor, and it is harmless to domestic pets. Scientists say that a very small proportion (1 in 1,000) is enough to retard the souring of milk for not injurious to health. Mixed with give erin it forms one of the most generally used applications in throat affections; in cases where glycerin is disliked honey may be substituted. Lastly, borax is in itself a valuable disinfectant and antiseptic, and is a component part in many dental preparations.-New York Press.

All Around Exercise.

Indifferent people are apt to say that if a roman attends to her sweeping, dusting and household chores she has enough, and if the man chops his wood or works his garden after business hours he, too, has his exercise. These notions are

Household work is the most injurious of all exercise unless counterbalanced by edu-cational exercise. Household exercise brings the arms constantly to the front and bends the head forward, and thus the muscles in the back become weakened and the shoulders displaced. In addition there is the dust and impurities constantly inhaled during the sweeping. Chopping wood can bring no benefit un-

less counterbalanced by action on other muscles. Physical culture means the perbeen! There are not a few mothers who permit the only child left at home to wean should exercise haphazard. Each individand have a to muscles. In gymnasiums the temptation | the corporal and Ping! is always to exercise the hardy muscles because of the natural inclination. This is

Hardy muscles are the ones to be rested. the weak ones developed. Horizontal bars should be excluded from the gymnasium. They are exercise for the very muscles of the arms that are constantly in action .-Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette.

A Woman with Nerve.

On the north side of Richmond, at Hanover Junction, the earthworks are abun-When the Army of the Potomac during General Grant's campaign in Vir by Lee's forces massed on the North Ann river. The house where General Grant established his headquarters is standing and occupied. At that time it was owned and occupied by an old woman who, in spite of the contending rivals, attended to her household duties. Very much surprised at her apparent unconcern, General Grant told her that she was taking great risks, as her house would necessarily be under an extremely severe fire in case of an engagement, which seemed imminent, and advised her to retire to a safer locality,

Her reply was characteristic of the Vir-ginia women of the period. "General Grant," she said, "I have too much stuff on my place to move away, because if I left it would be all taken by the soldiers, and I am going to stay right here and save it. When the fight comes off I am going down into the potato cellar, and if the fighting gets toe hot for you, you can come down he became very friendly to her, agreed to that she be protected.-San Francisco

FIN, FEATHER AND FUR.

The Mombas cat of the west coast of Af rica is covered with stiff, bristly hair, A red shark has recently been seen ness Nice. They come in from the Red sea by way of the Suez canal and are said to be

very dangerous. It is said to be a remarkable fact that the poison of a scorpion gradually loses its effect upon a human being, and that may suffers less and less each time he is stung.

A pig's tail is said to unerringly indicate the condition of the animal. If it bangs loose it shows that the pig is not well and that its food should be changed If it be colled tightly the pig is healthy

There are two remarkable species of

crabs on the Pacific coast, more plentiful

than any other kinds, which are called, re-spectively, the yellow and purple "shore their claws very large for the sits of the tation the parret is supposed to talk the best; but its voice is decidedly inferior to that of the mynah, a species of starling, of which there are examples at the London zoo. Curiously, too, the male bird speaks

in a high, clear tone, while the female has a gruif voice. Ostriches are commonly plucked once every eight months, yielding one pound weight of feathers each, but many farmers only pluck sixty feathers at a time, so a not to cause too much irritation and in flammation, which is very injurious to the THE OLD HOME.

How fair they faced the glowing morn, Deep whelmed amid their grassy waves. The pleasant steads where men were born And died in sight of ancient graves!

But now the stardy grandsons start
From neares port, 'neath favoring gale,
And fast are growing gray and swart
In treasure laden tropic vale;

Or they who trod the winding lane Athwart some city's shadows haste. Where hands that bound the ripened grain Have lesser gold within them placed. The old house waits: to violets wake

The snowy fields when south winds stir; The roads are bright with rose and brake; And harvest rounds the calendar. Custs its slant beam o'er way and wall, And sees returning, bent and blear,

The unforgotten prodigal.

As verdure creeps and water winds, And night brings nestward birds that roam. Bo tollworn man's life sunset finds

## THE ROBBERY.

At the head of the hurrying Spokane lay the placed lake of Cour d'Alene. The festooned pines and mossy rocks of its indented shore played Narcissus with its pellucid calm: a glassiness broken by an occasional cranberry spotted trout the most curious things in life how all turning wagon wheels in the sun, and of our theories come to naught after we sending off a whirl of spray that turned opaline, and in faint at ripples died Where the lake ends and the away. river begins, a mule tailed deer plunged into its waters from the parted reeds and cat tails of the miniature bayou giving approach from the underbrush skirting the hill, and with antlers erect swan straight toward the sound of a bugle calling to reveille the drowsy soldiers on the fort side. The companies fell in sleepily for sunrise roll call on this quiet June morning of 1882, and Andy Strefler whispered to his file leader as they marched in to breakfast that he thought he heard a gun talking just as the first sergeant called his name in the detail for guard mount; while down the river and a mile beyond Fatty Carroll's place, where the darkness of the straight road in the woods is streaked with gray light from the open prairie farther on, something is happening to lift the routine of garrison life above monotony. The railroad station is nipe miles away and is designated Rathdrum. Adjoining it is another structure, after the same plans and specifications, by no lack of courtesy, the Grand hotel, with everything conveniently on the ground floor-the dining service of tin plates and huge pans, and the chairs a long slim slab on either side of the unplaned plank table. Contiguous is the postmaster and his store, but there is no express office. As the early morning train comes in,

the stage for Fort Cour d'Alene swings up to the door of the freight office, Corporal Solon Bainbridge, Jr., with a Colt in his belt, receives a rough, strongly nailed box addressed to the post quartermaster, the black paint words in one corner indicating that it contains horseshoe nails, presumably for the cavalry troops, and it is stowed away in the boot.

The corporal is the escort as a matter of form: the Chinese railroad graders are strangers to theft, and the Siwashes think it reprehensible-ponies and dogs not catalogued. A momentary stop is made at the office of the Grand: two mandarins destined as servants to officers lose themselves in their clothes as they curl up on the inside back seat, and with the corporal beside him, Dick, the old time driver, straps himself under the canvas and in half an hour has passed the open prairie, and the horses drop into ual should go before a competent examiner woods, while with an especially satis factory pull at his pipe, Dick turns to

The old story of fancied security is repeated. The song of the bullet tells the corporal what has happened, and as he reaches for his revolver he has peculiar sensations; he finds that it has dropped out of the holster somewhere on the road: he hears a second shot: he feels a pain, which he thinks must be rheumatic. The one man by the roadside with a gunny sack over his face and chest, lowers his Winchester, tells his unseen men not to shoot and drags the square box out of the boot. It is heavy and disarranges the gunny sack mask, for a moment exposing the face of the highwayman to the dull eyes of the half unconscious corporal, who recovers with a gasp: the frightened leaders, who had turned head to head with the shivering wheelers, reared to the front again.

at breakfast the guardhouse sentry saw a dense cloud of dust arise on the river road, and coming to arms port called out, "Corporal of the guard, number one!" Out of the cloud, as if escaping from a prairie fire, came plunging and rolling the Rathdrum stage, its four blacks racing like the wind, snorting with terror, their nostrils distended, their eyes on fire, the flecks of foam flying wide. They came to a standstill in front of the adjutant's office, more from habit than the corporal's right sentenced to imprisonment there, and hand pull on the reins. His left arm hung limp at his side, while with pale face and quivering lip he touched the visor of his fatigue cap in salute and reported that the stage had been robbed of \$10,000

Dick sat on the driver's seat, leaning over as far as the straps would permit, like a drunken man asleep, and a red band of blood from a purple hole in the center of his forehead said in a pathetic way that he had "driv out his trick" and slowed up for the last time.

The horseshoe nails were funds shipped to Major Bull, the army paymaster, for payment of the troops at the post and at Camp Spokane. Foster Creek and Colville, and when it penetrated the fatty brain of this globular officer, who had but "fed on the roses and lain on the lifies of life," and who was purple of face with that bad living so often miscalled good, that this was a money loss and responsibility of his own which could not be shifted, he ran a full hundred yards down the road to do battle with the robbers and was carried back on a stretcher. His young wife could not be induced to let him leave his quarters for a week, fearful of his tendency to too violent exercise, and has never ceased to be grate ful to the tender Providence that averted spoplery on that awful occasion "when the colonel was robbed." That obese offcer and gentleman swore a great outh that future consignments should be excerted by a full company, and the records show that on this point at least he was true to himself. He locked the stable at the usu-

The trumpet blew a stirring call now: health of the birds and lessons the next one that brought the flush of excitement with faster tuleations, and a mo- devotees. Out of semifor came the

ment's blood tingling worth a year of commonplace life. In twenty minutes Troop B of the —th cavalry charged down the dusty road, the fluttering of the guidons and yellow facings of the cavalry uniform, the rush of gray horses and the sheen of the polished steel scabbards as they caught the early rays of the morning sun and clattered in chorus, making a picture worthy the study of a disciple of Meissonier. At Bonanza City, better known as Fatty Carroll's place, on the very edge of the reservation, a halt was made and the troop apportioned into detachments to cut the surrounding country into segments as the spider does the circle of his web when he runs his lines across it. Fatty was called on to keep open house, and having been a sol-

dier himself knew what it meant and

hustled. The post had not been paid for three nonths, and the hevday in the blood of Fatty's boarders was tame. Nothing was found in the dance hall but sawdust and commingled reminiscences of stale beer and stogies, and the bedrooms of the blear eyed and very dizzy "girls" gave no better results. One squad then whirled away like Arabs down the river road toward Spokane Falls, another swept along the road cutting through the forest, past its margin where the "hold up" occurred, and on to Rathdrum, while two others deployed and went at twenty yard intervals through the giant pines to the open prairie beyond. During the afternoon the last detachment had returned; the fruit of the reconnoissance, an old miner in the post

A burro, as old as his master and none the less patient in appearance, in apparent unconcern nibbled the quartermaster's straw rick near the corral, a carefully adjusted diamond hitch still in his pack. Corporal Bainbridge had not sufficiently recovered to view the captive. He had not detailed an account of the robbery, having been carried unconscious from the adjutant's office to the post hospital, where for several days he and life were not on speaking terms. The miner and his burro had been

sighted near the scene of the robbery on the road to the fort. Both were walking. both heads were down, both seemed too deeply plunged in meditation to hear the approach of the troopers and both were unfergreedly surprised when arrested. In the pack were the miner's usual paraphernalia-extra boots, a red fiannel shirt, pick and pan, a sufficient grub stake for months, and a spade bearing signs of recent use. His manner, his dress, his idom, his tone, his atmosphere proclaimed the miner, his pockets even spoke of his occupation, for in one reposed a greasy buckskin wallet, closed by a puckering string, and containing seven gold twenties and a few small nuggets gummed together by chips of navy plug. No other money and no weapons except a revolver and knife were found upon him, and his account of himself was so remarkably perpendicular that even Major Bull was constrained to let the poor devil loose. Accordingly the patient old man and burro were liberated in two hours after their capture, and set out bearing no ill will, so the spokesman said, but a sense of great injury was plainly visible in their bearing as they passed slowly out of sight. A few days later and it was current they had survived the snow-deeps of the Fourth of July pass and had fairly entered on their prospecting among the spurs of the Conr d'Alenes, where gold was soon after discovered. Subsequent events proved the falsity of this rumor, and that they had waded through to the railroad in the neighborhood of Pend d'Oreille and gone back to "the lower country" to sip again the sweets of the

blossom of civilization. During his convalescence Corporal Bainbridge was tried by a garrison the post asked him who was the woman court. His commanding officer, Captain Kell, known to his familiars as the "Jack of Clubs," because of his startling resemblance to that chap as found in the squeezers used at the clubhouse, was most aggressive for the accused, who had enlisted to learn music when a boy of fourteen and had soon been transferred to his company, where he now was after nine years' service. The corporal submitted a statement in his own behalf, in which he said he was reaching for his revolver when he was shot and only then discovered its loss. finder having restored it and testified to having dug it out of the mud near the freight office, the court found a verdict of acquittal-against all precedent.

Three months later the young soldier found himself, with a private of his While the men of the post were still company, detained at Ainsworth, a straggling rendezvous of lumbermen and miners on the Snake river. The train ferryboat Frederick Billings was too tublike to attempt a crossing that evening, and to make detention doubly sure the wind blew so strong from the low stretch of the further shore as to glue her to the bank more securely than other anchors could have done. Our hero of the stage episode was en route to Vancouver barracks, intrusted with the safe keeping of a military convict with other passengers sought the comforts of the big hotel, and secured the usual accommodations of ten in a room and two in a bed. He retired late, but nature's soft

nurse, who "knits up the ravel'd sleave of care," was far away. He was as restless and sleepless as the shricking wind. The sound of the flying sand against the windows, mingled with the bizarre music of the near dancehouses and game halls, drifted in, and the floating discordance was strangely magnetic He left the private and convict to entertain and watch each other, and went out into the storm. Its fury was unabated. The sand stretches were drifting like snow, and the sagebrush and greasewood of the plain laid flat before the wind and were covered over. He left the river bank and found himself in the glare of the yellow lights from Hank Faughn's "Temple of Art." even glanced at him as he entered the long hall, embellished by groups of gamblers. His abstract impression was that there was a plentiful supply of whiskers, flannel shirts, belts, boots, knives and revolvers. The groundwork of the scene was familiar; it differed but in degree from others he had laid his eyes on. Here a half dozen of the uncouth lived for stud poker, and the tacks of smiling twenties, sentineled by convenient "weepuns," suggested how quickly they might die for the same game.

There is the streaky shadow, where the tin disk reflectors struggled to send the lazy light of the oil lamps: projected from the board walls were the layout of fare and the lean kine-its

spring click of the tin box mixed up with the penetrant voice of the dealer. Farther on the roulette spun its revolutions of destiny for the human moth. Here was given the grim and grizzly the chance to forget himself, his surroundings and the too numerous regrets of his past; here his love of excitement had steady growth and gratification, and a channel was hollowed for escape of the energies which his mode of life left unused. Here the animal was let loose; the large elephant grew larger, the tiger was toyed with, and even the old game of chuck-a-luck was remodeled by the appearance on a green oileloth of a canary colored pony, with flowing mane and tail, who was now recognized as "mustang.

The boy in blue went disinterestedly

and slowly from group to group, idly watching the play, and the very reverse side of it all, his old mother in her little home, was made a flashlight photograph on his mind. He remembered that when he was younger his hair had been wet with his mother's tears, and that some body, whose bearded face he recalled often, had gone away. He had worked for her and for his little brothers until they became old enough to take up the life of his kind, and then he went out to ask if the world were not wider than it seemed, taking her blessing to keep him warm. When he thought of this he no longer accommodated himself to his environment. The atmosphere rested or him heavily and the sounds jarred and offended all his senses. He turned and went down the hall. He had neared the last table when a nervous hand caught his eye as it lifted a stack of blue thips and dropped them rapidly, one after the other, with that never described sound known only to the player. He followed up the hand to the profile of the face, and stiffened where he stood; his blood cold, his eyes fixed, his heart movement arrested. Recovering himself, he passed on, looked through the three bullet holes in one of the six small panes of glass in the upper part of the double doors, raised the huge iron latch and stood facing the outer blackness.

Life is not told by clocks. He was there for a minute, but he had lived out years of time. He turned a sharp about face, and with that nondescript, blood chilling look a man wears but once in life, strode straight and unarmed to the place of the profile, laid his hand almost tenderly on the shoulder of his man and said softly, as if he feared he might wake him, "I am Corporal Solon Brainbridge, Jr., and I arrest you for the Cour d'Alene stage robbery."

The hand of the other was on his revolver and both were traveling to a dangerous level though in a slow manner of indecision, while his eyes seemed lifting painfully. When they rested at last on the boy's face his own had lost the concentrated look of the gambler. The pearl gray shadow stealing over his seamy cheeks spoke of more pitiable suffering than mere physical pain, and a wide gase of such distressed helplessness as no painter will ever approach grew out of the fading, fierce light of his eyes. The half raised arm replaced the half ready weapon on the table with all the carefulness of age palsy, and the ashen lins tremulously said, "I'm ready!" It was a matter for a half hour's won-

derment in Hank's place that there was no blood on the sawdust, and then the jolly looking, well fed king; cries of "The neky red is filled; fifteen in the black you all win; come along, gentle men." were heard: the roulette hall went round again, and the feverish life that consumes held on its way. Conviction was had on the evidence of

the boy, who unwittingly was about to doff the arm chevron for the shoulder tran and when the secon in the case, the Jack of Clubs replied, "The boy's mother."

Within the limits of Kootenai county, in the territory of Idaho, on Jan. 15, 1883, for the double crime of murder and highway robbery, was hanged until it was dead the body of Solon Bainbridge, Sr. He was the father of a soldier!—W. H.

Shir-Cliff in Washington Post.

Banish the Collar Stud.

When a man has so far gone to the had with a stiff neck that he can't look at a pretty girl across the street, and when it grows worse and worse, until he has to hang his head out of the side of his bed when he sleeps ask him if he wears a collar button, and if he does advise him to discard it. A man in our town has discovered that the collar stud digging into the back of the neck paralyzes his brain forces and makes his ead refuse to turn. Sew a plain pearl button on the back of your shirt, and be

At any rate there's no torture under a coat collar that is harder to bear than the collar button under a winter overcoat's extra weight digging into the very zenith and funnybone of your spinal column. Physicians say it is a sure cure of the grip to discard the collar stud and sew on a button. -Lewiston Journal

A Good Answer.

There is no reason why every person whe has the knack of clever and easy expression should "rush into print," and the remarkably bright wife of Friedrich von Schlegel the German writer and philosopher, evidently realized this fact.

She was constantly being urged by her friends and admirers to write, but a smile was her usual reply. She thoroughly ap-preciated her husband's genius and suc-cess, but one day, when asked why she "wasted" so much time knitting instead of finding some occupation more suited for brilliant talent, she replied placidly:

many stockings in the world, but I have ten heard it said that there are too many books. So it seems to me it is more praise for me to knit a stocking than to write a book." And in this opinion her well cared for

husband fully coincided -Youth's Com-

Homely, but Coeful. The burro is not a pretty beast, but in the wild western plains he is semetimes

very useful. The burros instinctively

miners have been out a day or so wishout ater they are very liable to be deserted by their jacks, the animals breaking away and rushing off in the direction of the news est pool. More than one party of prospect ors or travelers has been saved from per ishing of thirst by the instinct—or intelli nce, or whatever else you please to call of the burron, for these sulmals, even it naltered, will smell the water when they cannot go to it and give brays of joy at its proximity. If one of them is released when they exhibit those signs of enthusizem and his steps are followed he will be sure to lead the travelers to the neurest

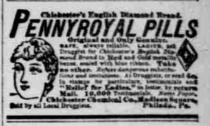
water .- St. Louis Globe Democrat.

## Pears' Soap

We perspire a pint a day without knowing it; ought to. If not, there's trouble ahead. The obstructed skin becomes sallow or breaks out in pimples. The trouble goes deeper, but this is trouble enough.

If you use Pears' Soan, no matter how often, the skin is clean and soft and open and clear.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.



Inquisitive city people in the country ometimes find small satisfaction in catechising little country boys about their names and affairs. A "summer boarder" once said to a small boy dressed in a broad straw hat, a gingham waist, long trousers

"Hello, little boy! What is your name!"
"Same as pa's," said the boy.
"What's your pa's name!" 'Same as mine.

"I mean, what do they call you when they call you to breakfast?" con't nuvver call me to breat," Why den't they? use I alluz git there the fust onel"-

Youth's Companion

"Young Shimmer seems to have the inside track, Cholly; I thought she returned

Ya-as, she does when I send it to her in my letters."-Life.

By Any Other Name.

The young man laid his eigarette down on the hall table while he went in to inter view his father on the financial situation. After a few preliminaries he said: "By the way, pop, can I have a few

"Postage stamps?" inquired the father innecently "No, sir," was the impatient reply; "I "Scade, my son?" inquired the old gentle-

man in mild astonishment. "I mean the 'tin,' of course." "And what is the tip, may I ask " 'Ob, the 'ready,' don't you know?"

"No. I don't know."
"Don't you know 'spondulix?"
"I can't say that I do. Who is he?" Aw, come off, pop. is the 'stuff."

What stuff "

"Why, the 'soap,' of course," The soup! Are you in need of a bath?" and the father looked over his space inquiringly. "No, no," impatiently. "I mean the

'Oh; sugar and soap? Going to make a plaster, are you?"
"Plaster nothing! I want the chink."

"Chink? What's chink, pray?"
"Why,it's 'dust.' Anybody knows that." "Oh, yes: excuss mu. Get the brush 'Tian't that kind I want. It's 'rocks.' "Well, there's dust in rucks, tro't there?"
"Won't you never outch on?" exclaimed

the young man. "I wan't the 'dud,' the 'wherewithal, 'don't you know the 'ruino,' the 'boodle,' plain, remark, everyday "Oh," exclaimed the relieved tone; "bere's a quarter. that's all the young man got.-Detroit



Crem girona.

MACRIC CHEWICK, CO., SHIN

